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# The Strand songster

# London

# [18--]

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THE

# STRAND

## SONGSTER;

Containing a collection of New and Favourite Sentimental and other Songs now being sung at the various Music Halls in London.

In the Strand
I'd choose to be a Daisy
I wish I was in Dixey
Charley Wag
Farewell to the Mountain
The Pork-pie Hat
Julius Cæsar Green
The Fisherman's Daughter
'Twas Rank and Fame, &c.
The Queen of the Sea
Gentle Troubadour
Mrs. Sarah Ridley, oh!

The Clipper Yankee Girl
The Red, White and Blue
So early in de Morning
Hark away Bess!
Gentle Annie
Mary is her Name
'Ain't I a precious Nerve
The Englishman's barrel of Beer
A Medley
Cottage by the Sea
Toasts and Sentiments

London: Printed by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

THE

# Strand Songster.

London: Printed by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

For the last three weeks I've been
dodging,
A girl I know who has a lodging,
In the Strand, in the Strand;
The first thing that put my heart in
a flutter,
Was a Balmoral boot as she cross'd
the gutter,
In the Strand, in the Strand,
I wish I was with Nancy, oh! heigho
In a second floor for evermore,
To live and die with Nancy.

A pork-pie hat with a little feather,
A new knickerbocker for the dirty
weather,
In the Strand, in the Strand;
Some pretty petticoats, too, she's
got 'em,
Trimm'd with embroidery round the
bottom,
In the Strand, in the Strand.

One night as I was out for a run,
I saw my Nancy buying a bun.
In the Strand, in the Strand;
I told my love, and down did fall,
Slap on my knees by Exeter Hall,
In the Strand, in the Strand.

I popp'd the question neat and nobby
When she said, 'Get up, here comes
a Bobby,
Down the Strand, down the Strand
But said to me, 'Don't look so blue
For I'll marry you in a week or two
In the Strand, in the Strand.

I never shall forget the day,
When to church we led the way,
In the Strand, in the Strand;
The folks did laugh, and some did
sing.
I thought I'd done a tidy thing,
In the Strand, in the Strand.

I married her off without any fuss,
Bought a cradle, and got a nurse,
In the Strand, in the Strand;
I never repent me going out west,
For of all the wives you get the best
In the Strand, in the Strand.

## Charley Wag.

Air—"Bad luck can't be prevented."

Let them talk of their Turpin and Cracksmen
Of their pitchers and divers still brag;
I reckon them all up as hack men,
Compared to young Charley Wag.
At touching a cly, I'm no jib, sirs,
Or at crying "stand," on the highway,
I am first rate at cracking a crib, sirs,
And at pinching all that lies in my way.

As for 'detective' and 'bobby,'
They may all put their heads in a bag:
With my sprig in my hand stiff and nobby,
Look out for young Charley Wag.

Tho' the road to some coves may be wider,
We are all of us running some rigs;
So young Charley's not such an outsider.
Reckon'd up with the rest of the prigs.
There's the baker, the butcher, and tapster,
In short weight and measure don't fear;
While your lawyers and parsons are chaps,
That rob a poor man of his beer. [sirs,

You may see in the daily newspapers,
How the lawyers the poor fellows lag;
And if they get me to the Old Bailey,
They will do so with young Charley Wag.
But my game may cross and provoke them,
And their moves on the board I can stag;
They can't find a boy that fights 'coakum,'
So downy as young Charley Wag.

Tho' the world is so full of prigs thronging
That Honesty can scarce show a nose;
There's one thing I own that I'm wrong in
And you guess what that is, I suppose;
Present company's always excepted,
And to Charley Wag it does appear;
And this Charley Wag never expected,
To find any but honest folks here.

---

## Farewell to the Mountain.

Published at Hawe's, Strand.

Farewell to the mountain
And sunlighted vale,
The [illegible]ss-bordered streamlet
[illegible] balm breathing gale,
[illegible] bright and so fair
[illegible]re a seraph might dwell,
'Tis too lovely for me,
Farewell, oh, farewell.
Farewell, &c

Farewell, far more sweetly,
Each sound meets my ear
The wild bee and butterfly,
They may rest here;
Hark! their hum how it blends,
With the deep convent bell,
Such strains are of Heaven,
Farewell, oh, farewell.
Farewell, &

---

## Peter Gray.

My song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Peter Gray;
And the place were he was born in,
Was Pennsylvani-a.

Chorus.
Come back, Peter,
Oh where's my Peter Gray,
Blow ye winds of morning,
Ri too-ral laddy-a.

Oh! Peter Gray, he fell in love,
All with a nice young gal;
And the name of her I'm positive,
Was Lizianah Quarle.

Oh! Lizianah would have wed.
But her father he said, no;
And cruelly he sent her,
Beyond the Ohio.

Oh! Peter Gray he went out west,
A hunting for buffalo skins;
But there he soon got caught and scalp'd
All by the Injiens.

When Lizianah heard the news,
She straightway went to bed;
And never did get up again,
Until she was di-ed.

---

## My Guiding Star.

Thy gentle voice would lead me on,
My own, my guiding star,
Till every sense of life were gone,
E'en were thou placed afar;
And now thou deign'st so near to shine,
With rays that warm and cheer,
The fairest, surest hopes are mine,
My soul is strange to fear.

Thou need'st not doubt, thou need'st not grieve,
I bear a potent spell;
Be certain Love will ne'er deceive,
The heart that serves him well.
I know my path will lead me right
With such a prize in view,
And happy omens bless my sight,
That must, that shall be true.

white
PN
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STRAK



## The Pork-pie Hat.

Air—"Pretty little dear."

In the many freaks of fashion that we witness every day,
Where common sense is little shown, but folly has full sway;
The latest move that fashions made, is worn by sharp and flat,
Is that eccentric head-gear, nicknam'd the pork-pie hat.

Chorus.

The kids and wags assail them, as the wearers pass them by,
"There goes another pork-pie tile, oh! don't he look a guy.

They are neither use nor ornament, and only worn in vain,
They don't defend the face from sun, from snow, from wind or rain;
Tho' both in Spain and Turkey, they are commonly in use,
But in England turkeys wear them not, they're worn here by the goose.

The kids and wags, &c.

These pork-pie hats and flash straw hats, are very closely match'd,
But those who wear the straw tile, are like calves' heads thatch'd;
While he who sports the pork-pie hat, compare the chap I must,
Of being quite pig-headed, and dish'd up in crust.

The kids and wags, &c.

Like Cavaliers and Roundheads, they now contend for sway,
But now its very evident, the Roundheads have the day;
There are many greyhair'd boys, that pork-pie hats do wear,
But being on the roundabout, they can't be on the square.

The kids and wags, &c,

'Tis said the pic-nic Watling, a man so known to fame,
By building up these said pork-pies, has built up a great name;
Has proclaim'd war to the knife, against these innovators,
Addressing them as o'ergrown kids, and swinish imitators.

The kids and wags, &c.

"My pork-pies were made," says he, "to furnish better uses,
And not to furnish coxcombs, in such absurd abuses;
In my pork-pies praise I will contend, against their Jacks and Nellies,
They were not made for empty heads to fill, but to fill empty bellies."

The kids and wags, &c.

## Julius Cæsar Green.

Come sit you down, you darkies, and hark to what I sing,
And while I tell de story, why make de fiddle ring;
Den when de chorus done, play de boues and tamborine,
And a happier set of darkies dar neber will be seen.

Chorus.

Den sing, sing, sing, and strike de tamborine—
We'll tell you ob a darkey gal and Julius Cæsar Green.

A darkey in Virginia libed—dey call him Cæsar Green—
He was so proud and dressed so fine, his like was neber seen;
He court a handsome yaller gal from South Carolina State—
Dey used to dance and sing so well, from morn 'till her late.

Den sing, sing, &c.

Oh! Cæsar den he married her and took her for his wife—
Dey libed long and happily, and ne'er had care or strife;
Dey had a piccaninny—his fader's only pride
His mammy was so happy wid him always by her side,

Den sing, sing, &c.

And long may dey continue wid comforts to be blessed,
Until de time arrives for both to take de rest;
And among all oder darkies may happiness be seen,
As it is between dis darkey gal and Julius Cæsar Green.

Den sing, sing, &c.

---

May difference of opinion never divide friendship.

The people, the only source of legitimate power.

The subject of liberty, and the liberty of the subject.

The British Constitution, and confusion to those who dislike it.

Adam's ale, and may so pure an element be always at hand.

A heart that glows for other's good.

May a happy opportunity never be neglected.

May we never make matrimony a matter of money.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.

May our girls prove chaste and our wives faithful

May depressed merit soon be exalted.

May we never seek other persons lives by venturing our own.

# A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

## The Fisherman's Daughter.

Why art thou wandering alone on the shore?
The wind it blows cold and the white breakers roar,
Oh! I am wand'ring alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me:
For the gale it blows hard thro' the darkness of night,
And I'm watching here since the dawning of light,
Looking thro' tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me.

Last night when my father put forth on the deep,
To our cottage returning I lay down to sleep
But while the sweet calm of sleep came to me
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea,
I thought in a dream 'twas my father that spoke,
But oh! to the voice of the tempest I woke;
And the father I dreamt of was far on the sea,
Ah! why in my dream call my father to me;
Ah! why in my dream call my father to me.

Vainly I looked thro' the fast driving gale,
Hopeless I see what hope fancies a sail,
But 'tis only the wing of sea-gull flits by,
And my heart it beats low at the bird's wailing cry,
And my heart it beats low at the bird's wailing cry;
For the storm must blow hard when the gale comes on shore;
Oh! that the fisherman's gift was no more,
Than the gift of the wild bird to soar o'er the sea,
Good angels thy wings bear my father to me,
Good angels thy wings bear my father to me.

---

## 'Twas Rank and Fame that Tempted Thee.

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
'Twas empire charm'd thy heart,
But love was wealth—the world to me,
Then, false one, let us part.
The prize I fondly deem'd my own,
Another's now may be.
For ah! with love, life's gladness flown,
Leaves grief to wed with me;
Leaves grief alone to me;
With love life's gladness flown,
Leaves grief alone to me.

Though lowly bred and humbly born,
No loftier heart than mine;
Unlov'd by thee, my pride would scorn,
To share the crown that's thine,
I sought no empire save the heart,
Which mine can never be;
Then, false one, we had better part,
Since love lives not—lives not in thee.
Since love lives not in thee;—
Yes! false one, better part,
Since love lives not in thee.

---

## The Queen of the Sea.

Away on the sea, away on the sea,
With the wild waves dashing around,
To a life that ever is merry and free,
Where true hearts are sure to be found.
And now, when the call of his country rings,
The bold British sailor will be,
As true to the last, as his guiding star,
To Britannia the Queen of the Sea.

But victory won, he thinks of his home,
And lov'd ones that absence endears,
Fond faces, sweet smiles, seem to hover around,
And eyes shining brightly, brightly through tears.
Such men are the boast and the pride of our land,
The noble, the hearty, the free—
And true to the last as needle to pole,
To Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.

Long may our sailors brave,
England's proud freedom save,
Over the boundless wave,
For England's Queen.

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## Gentle Troubadour.

Troubadour enchanting,
When the dew is falling,
Twilight sunbeams slanting,
O'er the western tower,
'Neath the shady linden tree,
At the moonlight hour,
Come and sing love's song to me,
Gentle Troubadour!

Troubadour enchanting,
When love's bird is calling,
Balm the zephyrs scenting,
From each fragrant flower,
'Neath my rose-hung lattice be,
At the silent hour;
Bring thy lute and sing to me,
Gentle Troubadour!

---

## Toasts and Sentiments.

May our private actions bear public inspection,

May the tongue speak the sentiments of the heart.

May worth never be crushed, nor baseness dignified.

May Britons never suffer invasion, nor invade the rights of others.

## Mrs. Sarah Ridley. oh!

(Copyright.)

Oh, white folk I'm just from New York,
So about myself gib me leab to talk;
From ole Bob Ridley I took my way,
'Cos he neber let me hab my say.

Chorus.

I am Sarah Ridley, oh!
Wife to ole Bob, oh!
I am Sarah Ridley, oh!
Mrs. Sarah Ridley, oh!

De reason I'se come over here,
Was because the cibil war I fear;
To cibil by half for me to bear,
I didn't wait to get my share.

Dare's a row wid de Yankee States,
About de slabe trade dey debate;
But ole England am de State for me,
Where Queen Victoria make all slabe free.

But white folks I beg you'll not forget,
Dat I am free, and am to let;
I don't mean to be let alone,
Case all I'se got is all my own.

Don't put me down as a darky duuce,
You young lads don't speak all at once;
I am well worth what I most deserve,
Wid me first come, is de first serbe.

## The Clipper Yankee Gal.

(Copyright.)

They sing of old Bob Ridley, and the places where he's been,
Of the mighty deeds he's done, and the wonders he has seen;
I've been where old Bob never was, I leave him in the lurch,
And what I've done, and what I've seen, will lick him off his perch.

Chorus.

So if you please to listen, quickly know you shall,
What's been done and what's been seen by this clipper Yankee gal;
Oh! this gal, this clipper Yankee gal,
Who can lick Bob Ridley, like this clipper Yankee gal.

Once I took a journey, 'twas in an air balloon
I went to take a cup of tea with the man in the moon;
But instead of taking tea, his glass of grog he sips.
So we found the old man out, for he was in an eclipse.

I've been across the prairies, the buffalo to chase,
And old Bob Ridley, I'm sure, was never in that place;
But we got lots of bad luck there, which still kept getting worse,
For instead of hunting buffaloes, the bulls they hunted us.

One day to catch a dinner, I went fishing on a lake,
Instead of catching of a fish, I caught a fine beef-steak;
In course I pull'd it in the boat, as soon as it was hook'd,
And then I found it smoking hot, and very nicely cook'd.

I thought I'd do some building, so I gather'd up some sticks,
But the houses wouldn't grow, because I'd got no bricks;
So I fed my duck and hens on unslack'd lime and water,
And instead of giving new laid eggs, they laid me bricks and mortar.

## The Red, White and Blue.

Oh, Britannia! the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
And thy banner make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the world to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of Victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
Ma tyhe wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
Ma the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

## So early in de Morning.

South Carolina's a sultry clime,
Where we used to work in de summer time;
Massa 'neath the shade would lay,
While we poor niggers toil'd all day,
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
Before de break ob day.

When I was young, I used to wait
On massa's table—lay de plate;
Pass de bottle when him dry,
Brush away de blue-tail'd fly.
So early in de morning, &c.

Now massa's dead and gone to rest,
Ob all de massa's he war best;
I nebar see him like since I war born,
Miss him, now him dead and gone.
So early in de morning, &c.

## Hark away, Bess!

When bold Turpin mounted his bonny black steed,
His pursuers were close at his heels.
Like the whizz of a ball from a cannon that speeds,
Until distance between them he feels;
And as he rides by, the hue and the cry,
They urge the bold robber to stay,
As onward he flies, the bold robber cries,
"My bonny black Bess, hark away!"
Hark away Bess! As onward, &c.

At the sight of a turnpike gate being nigh,
Even Dick's heart began for to quail,
We have gained on him now, his pursuers they cry,
We shall catch Turpin now without fail!
The gate shut appears, Bess pricks up her ears,
Right, Master, she next seems to say,
And over she flies, while Dick Turpin cries,
"My bonny black Bess, hark away!"
And over, &c.

The gate being cleared, without any fear,
Dick's pursuers' hearts began for to quake,
They one and all cried, I fear we ne'er shall,
Th' bold daring rider o'ertake;
The gate being cleared, Bess prances and neighs,
And onwards she now takes her way;
So now they're foiled, the bold robber smiled,
"My bonny black Bess, hark away!"

Now Dick Turpin bold, with his bonny black steed,
(We shall never see them again:)
Thro' many a night and a sunshiny day,
They were chased over meadow and plain;
At length they did part, which grieved him at heart,
For a better he never could have,
For now she's dead, and on her green bed,
She'll never more hark away!
For now, &c.

## Gentle Annie.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower did thy spirit depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many,
That have bloom'd in the summer of my heart.

We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the spring time comes gentle Annie,
When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain.

The moon and stars shine as bright, gentle Annie,
As when you were by my side:
What's the moon and stars to me, gentle Annie?
Since you never will be my bride.
Oh! gentle Annie, thou art sleeping,
'Neath the dreary yew tree's shade,
While I, my love, for thee am weeping,
And but wish with thee I laid.

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder,
Near the spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander
By the streams and meadows where we strey'd.

## Mary is her Name.

They tell me she has gone away,
Far o'er the hills to roam,
And left me here in solitude,
To pine and die alone;
But, if she loves as I still love,
She will return again,
She was my only love,
And Mary is her name. She was, &c.

They tell me she has gone away,
In distant climes to dwell,
And pledged her love, her lasting troth,
To one she loves full well,
Yet if she loves as I still love,
She will return again,
And happy make this heart of mine,
Dear Mary is her name. And happy, &c.

They tell me she another loves—
And soon will be his bride,
And yet by every star above,
She was my hope and pride;
Ah, if she loves as I have loved,
She will return again,
And while I've life and power to speak,
I'll call on Mary's name. And while, &c.

---

May friendship be envivened by good humour, but never wounded by wit.

May our friends have no burden, and futurity no terrors.

May the wings of friendship never lose a feather.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with the oil of sincerity.

May our friends always possess the three H's, Health, Honesty, and Happiness.

More friends, and less need of them.

May artificial coquetting be always concealed by the gay veil of disguise.

May filial piety be ever the result of a religious education.

May solid honour and truth take the place of mere ingenuity.

May noise and nonsense be ever banished from social company.

May the unsuspecting man never be deceived.

May the laws of friendship submit to love.

# A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

## "Ain't I a precious Nerve."

(Copyright.)

I pray you all. but to observe
Although but five feet high;
I have got a stunning nerve,
Oh! crikey, Gemini.
One night I went unto a ball,
As I did waltz and curve,
The cry amongst the people all,
"Ain't he got a precious nerve."
A nerve, &c.

I went one night to see a play,
And saw a lady there;
We chatted cosily away,
For she was passing fair.
In height she was just five feet ten,
It made my mind to swerve,
When walking by her side, the men
Cried, "Ain't he got a nerve."
A nerve, &c.

Ain't he got a nerve, did cry,
The boys, likewise the men,
A cove in boots just five feet high,
With a gal of five feet ten;
Home I saw her, to the door,
Without the least reserve;
For a kiss, I asked, says she, "I'm sure,
You've got a precious nerve."
A nerve, &c.

So the next week went to see,
And when I reached her door,
I heard a voice which said, "'Tis he.
He's just five feet, no more."
When up I looked up two heads did see,
"Take that!—you well deserve,"
A pail of water threw on me,
"'Twill cool your precious nerve."
A nerve, &c.

A grenadier just six feet three,
Open'd then the door;
"A precious cheek, you have," said he,
"Young five feet nothing more."
With that I took a jump, so high,
The people did observe,
I put my fist in his left eye,
Don't you think I had a nerve?
A nerve, &c.

How the people all they did grin
When this cowardly grenadier,
Took me in his arms, threw in,
A mud cart standing near.
When taken out, just like a plaice,
I looked in mud preserve,
They cried, as I did wipe my face,
"How is your precious nerve."
A nerve, &c.

When home I got, did then declare,
Against the women all;
Be they beauteous or fair,
Would cut the false sex all.
Do you in single blessedness,
This maxim just observe,
To match the women, must possess,
A precious lot of nerve.
A nerve, &c.

---

## The Englishman's barrel of Beer.

Words and Music by Samuel Lover.

There's a barrel I have in a corner so snug,
Well charged with the best of good ale;
With a tankard of that how the time will
slip by,
With a pipe and a song, or good tale
If a friend just from over the way should
step in,
He's hail'd with a hearty good cheer,
And never repents as he tastes the content,
Of an Englishman's barrel of beer.

There's a barrel I have—but much stronger
than beer
Is the charge which for that I intend—
It hangs by the chimney, in readiness near,
For I mean it my hearth to defend.
If a foe just from over the way should drop
in,
We'll meet him with three hearty cheers;
But I think he'll repent when he tastes the
contents
Of the barrels of stout volunteers.

And thus, double barrell'd, my boys, let us
live,
Prepared for our friends or our foes;
The hand that in friendship we readily give,
Is as ready, at need, to give blows;
And whether the spigot or trigger we draw,
Our barrels won't fail us, I ween,
So tankards and rifles let's charge, hip,
hurra!
For our freedom, our country, and Queen!

---

Genial joys to genial souls.
Glad hearts to good souls.
Gratitude to remember, and sense to forget.
Gratitude to remember favours done.
Harmony all over the world.
Hastiness in doing good, and tardiness in doing evil.
Health for our physician, and correctness for our nurse.
Faith in every kind of commerce.

May the folly of those who ape the manners of the great, be always held up to ridicule.
May opinion never float on the waves of ignorance.
May we look forward with pleasure, and backward without regret.
May our actions ever evince the belief that honesty is the best policy.
May we strive to avoid law as we would the Devil.

## A Medley.

Air—"Old Bob Ridley,"

Ladies and gents, list awhile, now,
With your permission will beguile now
For a short time sing to you now,
About something which am new now

'Tis a medley, oh!
'Tis a medley, oh!
'Tis a medley, oh! oh, oh!
(Spoken) Good folks—

Air—"Nelly Gray."

It's of a lone green valley, on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've passed many hours away;
I'm sitting and singing by my little cabin door,
Where lived——

Air—"Irish Jaunting Car."

One Mick Malony, who did drive an Irish jaunting car,
From Dublin all around, sirs, drove both near and far,
His car was decorated out, and on the door a star,
And the pride of all the country is,——

Air—"My pretty Jane."

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy;
But meet me, meet me in the clover,——

Air—"So early in the morning."

Early in de morning,
Early in de morning,
Early in de morning,
Before——

Air—"Queen and the Navy."

The boast of Old England, the pride of our Queen,
The shield of her freedom and glory;
Her gallant defenders—the Navy, I mean—

Air—"A Perfect Cure."

A cure, a cure, a cure, a cure,
Oh! isn't I a cure;
A cure, a cure, a cure, a cure,
I am——

Air—"Ever of Thee."

Ever of thee, fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirits can cheer;
Thou wert the star that mildly beaming,
Shone o'er——

Air—"Young Man bred a Carpenter."

My love he is a sailor-boy, gallant and [illegible],
He's as tall as a flag-staff, scarcely nine years old;
For to cruise around this wide world, he has left his own dear,
And my heart it is a busting, because——

Air—"Last Rose of Summer."

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions,
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh;
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for——

Air—"Tobacco and Grog."

I am but a rough tar of the ocean,
And of learning I ain't got much notion
But what keeps the world all in motion,
Arn't nothing but 'bacca and grog.

Chorus.

As for grog its our lifts and our braces,
Our clewlines, our buntlines and traces;
What keeps all ship-shape in their places,
Why its nothing but 'bacca and grog.

## Cottage by the Sea.

Childhood days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening glow;
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
When my young heart pure and free,
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow,
In the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-tree twining,
Round the old and rustic door;
And beneath the wild waves shining,
Where I've gather'd shells of yore;
Here, my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee;
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage by the sea.

What though years have passed above me
Though through fairer scenes I roam,
Yet I ne'er can cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home;
And when life's long day is closing,
Oh! how happy would it be.
On some faithful breast reposing—
In a cottage by the sea.

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DAMAGED PAGE(S)

## The Old Musketeer.

NEATH a vine-covered porch sat an old Musketeer,
Watching intently a fair child at play,
The toys round him scatter'd, tho' simple they were,
Bore the old soldier's thoughts far away.
At the sound of the drum he was feeble no more,
But flourish'd his crutch in the air
"A soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me;
Shoulder arms! cried the old Musketeer.

Then the old Musketeer spoke of warlike array,
He built mimic ramparts and stormed mimic towers,
Oh the heart of a soldier was form'd that day,
In that garden of fresh wild flowers
'Twas thus, he cried, that our Emperor stood,
His sword flashing bright in the air,
His cry, vive la France! brave comrades advance,
To the charge, oh, my brave Musketeer.

My musket and sword I have hung up to rest,
With my knapsack and belt, and batter'd canteen,
At Jena, at Wagram, the East, and the West,
With the old Musketeer they have been.
I could still stand a brush, tho' nearly four score,
But prudence now whispers beware
For the period draws nigh, when King Death will cry—
Pile your arms! to the Old Musketeer.

## Old Dog Tray.

THE morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings a dream of a once happy day.
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never never find
A better friend than old dog Tray

The forms I call'd my own,
Have vanish'd one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away,
Their happy smiles are flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

When though's recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say,
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

## Over the sea.

OVER the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a little bird whisper'd to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Somebody's coming ere long.
Then march, march, march,
Ye lads of the heather,
Come trooping together,
Come march, march, march,
Gallant hearts, valiant and strong
Oh, its over the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a bonnie bird whisper'd to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Somebody's coming to me.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Too long my laddie has wander'd frae me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Now he is coming once more.
Then we'll march, march, march,
To greet him once more,
On his own native shore;
Let us march, march, march,
And bear him in triumph along.
Oh, its over the sea, over the sea.
Hear what a bonnie bird whisper'd to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Charlie is coming once more.

## Sweet little creature.

OWELL I remember a sweet little creature,
That lives in a cot at the foot of the hill
A smile of good humour adorns every feature,
And close to her cot runs a murmuring rill.
Her cot is surrounded with woodbines and roses,
And her mouth, when she speaks, each perfection discloses,
And the breath from her lips surpass summer roses,
I would give all the world could I once call her mine.

When I met her last night my heart quite forsook me,
She blush'd like a rose when I press'd her soft hand,
And she simply replied, I think you're mistook me,
Or if not, your meaning I don't understand.
Said I, my dear maid, I have not mistook thee,
For you have my heart, and I will not forsake thee.
And I pledge thee my word, if happy 'twill make thee,
And all for the sake of calling thee mine.

She quickly replied, I've a father and mother,
Whose age now demands my tenderest care,
They look up to me, I've no sister or brother,
To help me provide them each day's humble fare.
But if you're sincere sir, in what you've repeated,
Come to my parents, and well you'll be treated,
And with their consent, when my duty is completed,
The heart I possess, I'll repay with my hand.

## Many happy returns of the day.

MERRY words, merry words, ye come buzzing around,
Telling all that affection can say:
'Tis the music of heart comes that's breath'd in the sound,
'Many happy returns of the day.'
The red cheek of the child is more red in its glow,
And the bright eye more swift in its ray,
When it's nurse hails it's birth
In their holiday mirth—
'Many happy returns of the day.'

But if 'midst the greeting there's one seat we miss,
And that one was the dearest of all,
'Tis then we feel lone in a moment like this,
When our kindly hail'd birthday's all tall.
What would we not give if the hours could restore us,
That dear form that is far, far away
If the voice of that loved one
Could wish us, once more,
'Many happy returns of the day.'

The old man may smile while he listens, and fear
He has little time longer to stay,
Still he loveth to hear, from the lips that are dear,
'Many happy returns of the day'
Then a garland, a bumper, a dance, and a feast,
Let the natal day come when it may,
Be it autumn or spring,
A gay chorus we'll sing,
'Many happy returns of the day.'